

\$1.50 PRO WRESTLING
SUSHI.

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Issue #39, JANUARY '92

(SNS--Sushi News Service)

ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER IN VIOLENT XMAS INCIDENT!

CLEVELAND, OH -- Pro wrestler Abdulla the Butcher was jailed overnight in Cleveland, OH, and then released on his own recognizance after creating a public disturbance at a local all-you-can-eat restaurant on Christmas day.

According to eye-witnesses, the 420-pound grappler, known as "Abby", was arguing with a restaurant employee over which part of the Christmas turkey he wanted for dinner, when suddenly he grabbed the turkey and started running wildly through the dining room, tearing off a drumstick and ripping off a wing before tossing what was left of the 30-pound butterball at the restaurant's manager.

BUTCHER IS CITED FOR INHUMANE ACT!

CLEVELAND, OH -- Officials of the Cleveland, Ohio, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA) have filed charges against pro wrestler Abdulla the Butcher who reportedly created a public disturbance December 25, in a downtown Cleveland restaurant.

Apparently, a 30-pound turkey which "The Butcher" suddenly dismembered (as hundreds of patrons at the local family eatery looked on) was not yet cooked, was still alive, and was part of an annual "petting zoo" exhibit located in the restaurant's lobby.

"I thought I was in the hors d'oeuvre line," confessed the WCW wrestler.

The turkey, a favorite with the little children who visited the restaurant, was nicknamed "Bob".

'BOB' TO UNDERGO SPECIAL SURGERY

CLEVELAND, OH -- A 30-pound butterball turkey named "Bob" is expected to live a normal life following orthoscopic limb replacement surgery scheduled at the Cleveland Memorial Veterinarian Hospital on New Year's Day.

According to a brief story in the Cleveland Herald, "The expensive operation is being paid for by an anonymous pro wrestling newsletter editor from Minneapolis, MN, who, like "Bob", gobbled-gobbled when it might have been more prudent to lay low and say nothing."

STING IS TOO LATE... AGAIN!

CLEVELAND, OH -- Pro Wrestling Sushi is sad to report that WCW wrestler Sting did not make it to the hospital in time to sign autographs for "Bob", the courageous turkey who lost a leg and a wing in a brutal Xmas day incident and who, as fate would have it, died on the operating table on New Year's Day.

"It was horrible," said Chief of Surgery Dr. Bud "Budweiser" Waterman who was flown in from Stanford Medical Center in Palo Alto, CA, to perform the limb replacement operation. "It was horrible...the way 'Bob' died on the operating table...right before our eyes!"

According to Waterman, "Nobody in the operating room suspected anything was amiss when 'Bob's' eyes suddenly grew twice the size of normal and when he began struggling to free himself from the straps which held him firmly in place."

The doctor continued, "...And nobody in the room was one bit suspicious of the large foreign exchange student who had introduced himself as Larry Shreeve from the University of Medicine from the Sudan in Africa. We have exchange doctors and exchange students in the operating room all the time."

Concluded Waterman, "Now, in retrospect, I guess it must have been quite horrible for 'Bob' the turkey to be laying there on the operating table all helpless and unable to budge, only to realize that instead of a real doctor peering down at him from behind the green surgery mask, it was actually Abdulla the Butcher! We are still trying to determine how one man could inflict such total damage to a 30-pound butterball in so brief amount of time...with a plastic spoon!"

MASKED 'WARRIOR' TO APPEAR AT ROYAL RUMBLE ?!?!

STAMFORD, CT -- Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned from a closely guarded source within Titan Sports that an "evil" Ultimate Warrior, masquerading as a "contestant" in the January 19th ROYAL RUMBLE, will interfere in the outcome of the match, causing the ref to "believe" that the last two wrestlers (Ric Flair and Hulk Hogan) left the ring "simultaneously" thereby declaring both of them co-winners, or "co-holders" of the WWF Title, with the final showdown to be held in the Spring during WRESTLEMANIA VIII: "THE ULTIMATE WAR!"

The unusual finish is one of several under consideration by Titan's brain trust (Vince McMahon, Pat Patterson, and some Ivy League "suits" who use computers to analyse possible angles and their gate or PPV potential.) Sushi's Titan source contends that--despite what has been written elsewhere--there is no "bad blood" between McMahon and Jim Hellwig, who plays the Warrior character and who is simply taking time off from the Titan "diet" and rigors of travel.

LETHAL LOTTERY/BATTLE BOWL: WORST STARRCADE EVER! (Pg. 12)

② Hello, everyone! Welcome to the 39th issue and the 3rd year of Pro Wrestling Sushi! I'm Jeff Mullins, editor of this little bucket 'o' raw calamari and outright pro wrestling lies, truth-stretching, and other distortions. Sort of like pro wrestling itself, huh? Essentially, Sushi is a monthly, but due to job-related demands, we may have to skip a month once in a while this year. Soooo, deadline for Sushi #40 is Jan. 30th. Sushi costs \$1.50 per issue (\$2.50 overseas) and you can order up to 12 issues at a time. Red marks on or near the mailing label represent the number of issues remaining on your subscription balance.

WRESTLING NEWSLETTERS: '91 HIGHLIGHTS... '92 PREDICTIONS!

One of the nicest things about being on hiatus is that there are still a lot of wrestling sheets out there to enjoy and that most of our favorite sheets continued to plug Sushi by name, address, and price during our hiatus. Thanks guys, it's appreciated!

To us here in Sushiland, the newsletter industry is more, much more, than being a publisher of our own sheet. The bottomline for this family is friendship: love of our fellow sheetsters (and readers!), sharing our small readership with others, promoting the sheet-side of the biz as best we can, and being able to tease the heck out of the other editors in the spirit of pro wrestling itself...and also having a great staff and regular contributors.

Since the one thing about life that is constant is change--the ebb and flow of things--there were some significant comings and goings in the year just past. Newsletter wise, such favorites as Brian Tramel's RASSLIN RIOT, Vinnie Carolan's PRO WRESTLING THIS WEEK, Ross Blair's MAT REVIEW, and TEXAS ROUNDUP (by an anonymous wrestler) closed shop and are truly missed. And, as reported in the "Double Christmas" issue of MATWATCH, it appears that the legendary Harvey Cobb, who brought us Pro Wrestling Enquirer and WRESTLING NEWS & ENTERTAINMENT JOURNAL is also bidding the sheet wars farewell. (As for MATWATCH and Steve Beverly, we'll cover them later.) New on the bulletin scene, of course, is Alex Marvez's THREE COUNT WEEKLY which we plan to get our hands on ASAP, and John Arezzi's WRESTLING SPOTLIGHT which reportedly will continue to cover the electronic wrestling scene in the spirit of MATWATCH.

And surely, some old favorites, which were around during the "B.S." era ("Before Sushi") are always missed: Jaime Ward's SQUARED CIRCLE, J.D. MacKay's RINGSIDE REFLECTOR, and Jeff Zinger's GAG! (Grunt & Groan!). To be sure, as life will have it, there are (and were) many other sheets out there (such as Georgiann Markropoulis' WRESTLING CHATTERBOX, Adam Horowitz's BETWEEN THE ROPES, Jon Gallagher's WRESTLING FORUM, Tom Burke's GLOBAL WRESTLING NEWS, and the audio CASSETTE WRESTLING NEWS by Jeff Osborne) which for one reason or another do not find their way into Sushi's universe. This does not mean that these stalwarts are not fine, entertaining, reliable sources of wrestling related fun. It just means for one reason or another they are not a part of Sushi's regular wrestling diet.

Certainly two other sheets which merit a definite look-see (if and when they come out) will be Bill Kunkel's special ANGLE, containing all new cartoons and stories about, ulp!, dead wrestlers, and the talented Vic Stanley's SCREWJOB FINISH. Stay tuned.

WRESTLING OBSERVER NEWSLETTER

Which WWF wrestler should have been cast in the role of Peter Pan in the movie "Hook?" While you are trying to figure that one out (is there any doubt that Sherri Martel would have made a bitch'n "Tinkerbelle?"), I found myself wondering who (other than Peter Pan himself) would play the role of Dave Meltzer when the WON story is put to film. Ted DiBiase? Definitely film director Oliver Stone will produce the epic in the same style as he did the blockbuster "JFK". Dave's 1991 highlight: His relentless assault on Titan Towers and the steroid issue. Sushi prediction for 1992: Next time Dave visits Stamford, CT, he won't pass it off as no big deal. Catch Dave's yearend Annual coming out in early 1992, always worth the wait. Weekly, \$6/4 issues, P.O. Box 1228, Campbell, CA 95009-1228.

ROD'S REFLECTOR

If Bruiser Brody were still alive, he would play the role of Canadian wild man Rodney Leighton. Rodney is a classic, as far as we at Sushiland are concerned. He epitomizes the oft abused term "niche"; that small part of the whole which most of us try to carve out and call our own. He sits up there in Pugwash, Nova Scotia, in his abode, alone, surrounded by fir trees, wild bears, and newsletter care packages from Teresa DeMarie, and despite loss of job, Indian attacks, and no plugs from Meltzer, he manages to publish several wrestling and non-wrestling related periodicals, all which are curiously entertaining and testimony to the human spirit's will to survive and be a part of the community of man. Highlight of 1991: Rod's three part interview (by Vic Stanley) with Arena Report's Ron Lemieux (with whom there was much negative heat a while back, but no more.) Prediction for 1992: Dave Meltzer will finally plug Rod's Reflector without Rod having to beg for it. Send this iconoclast \$20 for a smattering of what he produces. Weekly, \$12/10 issues (sample \$1.75); R.R.#3, Pugwash, N.S., Can., BOK 1L0. Send U.S. currency or checks and use 40¢ worth of U.S. postage on the envelope.

FANTASY FEDERATION

Terry, uh, Terrance, Taylor would be Sushi's candidate to play the movie role of FF editor Jeffrey Cohen. Like Terry Taylor, one of the most underrated wrestlers in or out of the ring, Cohen's FF probably does not get the underground attention it is due. Over the years I have gotten my hands of a few other so-called "fantasy" match publications and was disappointed beyond belief. Far from it with FF, now turned out via a laser printed format featuring uncanny fantasy matches and, new, cartoons by R. Wallman whose work rivals that done by Bill Kunkel, Ryan Jones, and John Hitchcock. Another area FF is underrated in, is in its editor's gift for real rasslin analysis! Some of the best who come to mind are Sushi's own Steve Meyerson, Teresa DeMarie, and Paul Hanlin, Jr, as well as others out there, and word for word, Jeffrey can hold his own with them as well as the Meltzers, Kellers, Beverlys, and Lemieuxs when it comes to hardcore opinions and intelligent controversy. Highlight of 1991: "Road Warriors vs Giants Baba & Andre! Prediction: More readers. Bimonthly, \$3/3 issues (1st time readers get back ish plus new ish for \$1); 50 Shelley Lane, Great Neck, NY, 11023.

Classy Freddie Blassie will star in the Sheldon Goldberg story without a doubt! Like the late great Andy Kaufman (who wrote and starred in "A Breakfast With Blassie"), before I pass on, I too would like to dine with Blassie. And I'd have Sheldon join us. Like the surprising number of doctors, lawyers, economic professors, etc., who are bitten by this wrestling bug (and are not afraid to admit it!), Sheldon is a pro in his own right, having produced a number of theatrical plays and worked on many Broadway and touring shows. Yet pro wrestling and collecting things, ANYTHING, about pro wrestling remains Sheldon's main addiction, so much so, he puts out the industry's most authoritative and authentic and useful merchandise and wrestling memorabilia newsletter which also contains some of the best nostalgia articles you'll find anywhere for smart fans, as well as intelligently and thoroughly well written articles by a growing staff of contributors who know their collectables. 1991 Highlight: MM's "Wrestling Classified" section. Simply awesome! Prediction: Mat Marketplace to become as important for traders and collectors as the Observer's Reader Pages listings. Bimonthly, \$12/6 issues (sample \$2.50); P.O. Box 2371, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130.

WE ARE THE WIERD

For some strange reason Joe Bob Briggs, editor of this outlandish parody of his own highly successful AT THE DRIVE-IN column which appears in most major American newspapers, is a pro wrestling fan and has seen fit to plug Sushi in his weekly sheet about odd films and the oddball people who make or star in the kind of films you would not take a girl you were trying to impress to see. If you want to get an idea of Joe Bob's style (in some parts his newspaper column is called JOE BOB GOES TO THE DRIVE-IN) just think of what Jubie Jay Mullins will sound like when he finally grows up, or what Riki-Jack Hamneroyd might say about such movie stars as Traci Lords! A feature article, things Joe Bob "can't wait for," some really sick cartoons, the death-watch on vanishing Drive-In theatres across America, free junk that Joe Bob gives away, a Hollywood (underbelly) gossip-type column, and a letters section (Joe Bob's Advice to the Hopeless!) that offers the kind of answers and responses you often wish Meltzer would give on the Readers' Pages. For first timers, Joe Bob offers 26 weeks (U.S. only!) for \$19.95 or send him your name and address for a sample to P.O. Box 2002, Dallas, TX 75221. (Jubie Jay sez, check it out!)

WRESTLING THEN & NOW

Bruno Sammartino will star in the movie about Evan Ginzberg! Known as a mauler who kept coming at you no matter what you threw at him (Yes, watching a Sammartino match was like watching a prize fight between sluggers like Rocky Marciano and his hapless foes against whom Rocky--like Evan--kept plugging away), Evan and his sheet offer up the feeling and flavor of a bygone era, that period of time when pro wrestling was pro wrestling, and not the kind of kid crap Vince Jr. feeds us week after week after week. Spliced between all the nostalgia, is Evans commentary about today's wrestling scene, both inside and outside the squared circle. What Evan does best, however, is just being Evan, writing from a brain and a heart which are full of pure gold: his "Listening Post" commentary about Georgianne Markopolous and her dad's brutal death at the hands of street thugs, is one of the most sensitive, powerful, yet tender pieces of writing in a wrestling sheet to be found. 1991 Highlight: The great John Tolos interview and perspective. Prediction for 1992: Fans disgruntled with the current scene will try on WT&N before dropping out completely: a nice place to wait until the second coming! Monthly, \$15/yr (sample \$1.25); P.O. Box 471 Oakland Gardens Station, Flushing, NY 11364.

RING AROUND THE NORTHWEST

The wrestling scene in the Pacific Northwest has always been a fascinating port of call for wrestlers on their way up or down or enroute to Japan. Now, more than ever before, with the sudden loss of its major television carrier, Don Owens and his decades old wrestling promotion faces the ultimate test: sink or swim, with or without television. Through the lean and sweet years, Mike Rodgers and his tiny newsletter RATNW have faithfully chronicled the Portland wrestling outfit whose home base is the former bowling alley cum "sports arena". On three occasions, we have been fortunate to travel from Sushiland to Portland for a night of rassling fun at the Oregon "House of Action!" Our pre- and post-match mini-gest together with Mike have been worth the long drive which, coming and going, would be like driving halfway across the U.S. just to see a wrestling card. It is ironic that today, 12/28, the day this plug is being written, is also the final day for Portland television wrestling as thousand of fans across Oregon--and hundreds of smart fans across the nation--have come to know it. Whatever twist or turn fate has in store for this area, we'll be eagerly awaiting the next report from Mike. Monthly, 50¢; 2740 SE Lewellyn, Troutdale, OR 97060.

WRESTLING PERSPECTIVE

Nick Bockwinkle and Lew Thesz will play the movie roles of WP's editors Paul MacArthur and David Skolnick. No, this is not a nostalgia sheet. Far from it. It's just that as far as ring character and real personalities go, Sushi had to dig back a bit to find two grapplers whose personae personify Perspective and its editors whose sheet is the classiest act on the circuit, loaded with crisp, professionally well written analysis and prose. Whereas WP features guest writers, usually one or two per issue, my favorite pieces are the ones penned by the editors themselves wherein they take a particular item and probe and poke and journalistically explore it as if the subject matter were an object on an operating table at one of the nation's best schools for scientific or medical research, so thorough and appealing is the "mental" surgery performed by Paul and Dave. 1991 Highlight: Paul's treatment of "The Apter Publications: Mags or Rags?" I too grew up reading those kinds of monthlies when they were the only supplement to what was on TV. 1992 Prediction: Paul and Dave will run an article titled "The WCW--10 Things Herd Needs to do Now" and Herd won't do any of them just to be stubborn. Monthly, \$7.50/6 issues (sample \$1.25); P.O. Box 401, Camillus, NY 13031-0401.

ARENA REPORT

Macho Man Randy Savage will definitely do the "voice" of AR editor Ron Lemieux when the movie comes out! Ron is currently involved in a bitter feud with Torch editor Wade Keller. In fact there has not been a year when Ron has not been involved in a feud with someone. Yet, he will be the first to tell you, honestly and from the heart, that he detests the petty politics which seems to accompany these sheets as if they were spinoffs of the back stabbing that goes on inside the wrestling promotions themselves. In spite of Ron's weakness for slicing and dicing Keller, AR is the best sheet of its kind out there, a bi-weekly with news, commentary, columnists, and a witty letters page which is so timely, all of it, you'd think it were a weekly. Ron's own "Ramblings" is the most enjoyable regular column appearing anywhere! 1991 Highlight: The AR 1991 Annual, 40 pages/\$6. I would never have believed I would enjoy reading bios of Ron's readers as much as I have in this annual. If you want to feel a part of the underground, this annual is for you. Prediction for 1992: Ron will find himself and AR in a bitter feud with 2-year old correspondent Missy Herron, whose kiddie-mat column "Daddy, Don't Blade Me, Please!" will take on Ron and other father-editors! Bi-weekly, \$1; P.O. Box 952547, Lake Mary, FL 32795-2547.

PRO WRESTLING TORCH

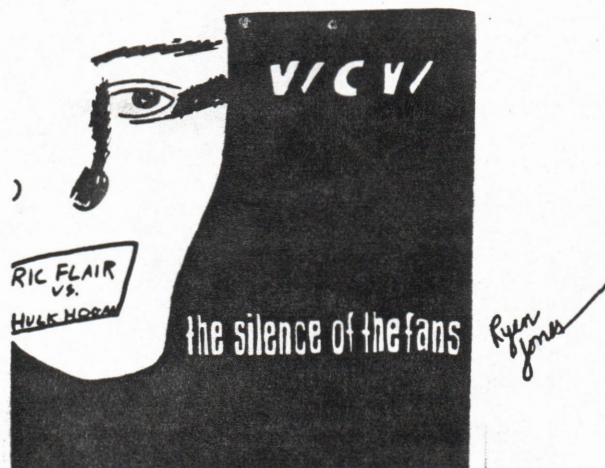
Is there any doubt? Jubie Jay Mullins plays Wade Keller, editor, when Hollywood films the saga of this 20½ year old pheonm who, on January 28, will lay claim to the undisputed 2nd place ranking subscriberwise in all of pro wrestling newsletterdom! If Dave Meltzer/WON is the TIME MAGAZINE in this sport, then Keller/PWT is NEWSWEEK, the same, but certainly a different and refreshing approach to the weekly news format with toons, excellent columns, regular PPV analysis, and Wade's own savvy "Below the Bottom Line" column. Yes, Wade is young, and Wade does seem to get in his share of pissing matches lately (Lano, Lemieux...), but, like his Torch Talk interviews, his knowledge of the business and his growing contacts in the field are solid. Together, his sheet and twice a year annuals and yearbooks, are the most creative one-two-three combos out there! (As for pissing matches, one wonders how these things start? For instance the latest centers around Wade's not so kind "Torched Turkey" Award to the soon to be departing editor of Matwatch, Steve Beverly. According to some, Wade said to Steve, "Gobble, Gobble" after Steve had been kind enough to be on Wade's Minneapolis radio talk show. We here in Sushiland actually heard the tape in question, and nowhere did Wade insult Steve over the airwaves. And as for the "Turkey" award. Hey, this is pro wrestling, gang! Anybody notice how subtle Steve got even with Wade when Steve listed sheets in the Double Xmas issue of MW?) Highlight of 1991: The Bill Watts interview. Double Highlight: The interview with 60's-70's S.F. Bay Area promotion czar Roy Shires in the 1991 Torch Summer Annual IV (\$10) copies of which are still available. Prediction: Wade will turn 21 in about six months. Weekly, \$5/4; P.O. Box 201844, Minneapolis, MN 55420.

MATWATCH

On January 27, 1992, Matwatch, as we have come to know Steve Beverly's weekly sheet, will cease to exist. In many ways Steve's weekly bulletin has been one of the most important sheets out there. In one way, a very important way, Matwatch has been THE MOST IMPORTANT SHEET OF THE DECADE! We'll explain why in a minute. But first, we here in Sushiland will really miss the weekly offerings of this one fine southern gentleman who, try as we did in the past, could never get his goat despite all the teasing and satire Sushi's pages subjected him to. (Some of it quite brutal as these things go. Steve always let the barbs and snides roll off his back and, by the time he got around to plugging folks, he never "got even" by slighting Sushi for it, since I guess he always knew how, down deep, Sushi admired him and his sheet.) So far, no one in the sheet business has been able to add the personal warmth and genuine humility as Steve has done in his coverage of this sport. Only for people who really know what I am talking about, who really know the media, you and Steve alone will understand what Sushi means when it says Steve Beverly/MW is the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR of pro wrestling sheets! If news, editorial opinion, perspective, and the greater picture were all wrapped into one, Matwatch and Beverly get the spiritual duke.

The reason Sushi feels that Matwatch is THE MOST IMPORTANT SHEET OF THE DECADE! is because of the fires of fear and inspiration that Matwatch's very existence lighted beneath the butts of Dave Meltzer and Wade Keller, on one hand forcing Dave to expand and never rest in his pursuit of subscribership and interesting stories, on the other hand, giving Wade an attainable competitive motivation to reach further and grow up faster as the Torch went from a bi-weekly to weekly status. I'm sure Dave and Wade will both disagree, but trust me, the sheet industry (until someone steps up to take Steve's place) will suffer the loss of Beverly and Matwatch. 1991 Highlight: Steve's beautiful "Yuletide Greeting" and his selection from Proverbs 15:1 (which was his sophisticated way of responding to the young editor from Minneapolis: "Gobble, gobble!") Prediction: Unless Steve pops up as a columnist with WON, AR, or the new Arezzi effort, he will return with a leaner Matwatch, sans TV ratings and quotes and much of the news, opting instead to do what he does best... mesmerize once again with editorials worthy of Pulitzers! Catch the 1991 "Matwatch: the Final Chapter" annual (\$13), and, if you act quickly, send \$1.25 for each of the time remaining issues (1/13/92, 1/20/92, and 1/27/92) to 16 Robin Hood Lane, Jackson, TN 38305. Best wishes, Steve, from Jeff, Riki-Jack, and Jubie Jay!

LAST MINUTE NEWSLETTER NOTES: According to sources close to the scene, Ron Lemieux has published an unscheduled edition of AR in which he retracts his recent comments about Torch editor Wade Keller whose now infamous Torched Turkey Award-related "Gobble-gobble" remark was made to Matwatch editor Steve Beverly during a private phone call as a joke...Somehow, you just know Dr. Mike Lano had a hand in all this getting blown out of proportion. Eh, Dr. Mike?...Special thanks to Ryan Jones and Bill Kunkel for their toons in this issue...



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'SUPER FAN' MIKE LANO: DR. JEKYL OR MR. HYDE?

Editor's note: Dr. Mike Lano of San Francisco, CA, may not get the TIME MAGAZINE "Man of the Year" award this year, or any year, for that matter, and I doubt that he will even be a runner up for Steve Beverly's MATWATCHER OF THE YEAR when Steve puts out that tomb in the next few weeks.

For many who know Mike Lano, Mike is an enigma. People who know Mike in person often have diverse and conflicting things to say about Mike. One professional wrestler has told me that Mike is a "Saint." Apparently Dr Mike performed a couple thousand dollars worth of free dental work on this grappler ("when I did not have a pot to piss in!") with no billing or request or hint that he expected to be paid. On the other hand Mike Lano's name can also evoke less than subtle hostility. "F--- Mike Lano," is what David Crockett said to me when David and I were talking prior to the WCW match in San Jose, CA in November. Crockett was unhappy about some photos Lano reportedly shot at a WCW PPV.

That very same night, in San Jose, after having corresponded with him for a year or so, and after having spoken to him on the phone a number of times, I finally met Dr. Mike Lano for the second time, the first time being at the historic first ever major Flair-Hogan event in Oakland, CA.

Mike was supposed to meet me outside the San Jose State University arena where Lex Luger vs Bill Kasmir was headlining the 11/8 card. I got there early, and instead of waiting around for Lano, who had the tickets, I walked around the side of the building and used my Obie Wan Kanobe technique on a guy at the door who let me in. (Must have thought I was a ref or else he did not want to mess with a guy carrying a spiral note book!) Anyway, I hung around the inside of the arena, shooting the breeze with "I've never kissed Dave Meltzer's ass!" Crockett and that blond headed security guard you always see, you know, the one who broke Sting's leg when he was climbing the cage, the guy who always gets off the metal folding chair that wrestlers go for during outside the ring brawls. Anyway, Crockett and I finished our conversation and parted, he who has never kissed Dave Meltzer's ass going up the stairs to "count the crowd" standing outside the doors to the SJSU arena.

To this day, I wonder what the man who has never bussed Dave's butt would have said about Dr. Mike Lano if he would have actually gone outside into the cold autumn air where Lano was scalping a bunch of free WCW tickets he had gotten his hands on. From a radio DJ named Dennis Erectus, I think, a local jock with a Bay Area hard rock station WCW advertises with. Knowing Crockett, he probably would have pissed a kidney stone, or maybe not, especially if Lano were turning the money over to one of the hospitals for terminal kids which Sting has been known to stand up from time to time. Anyway, I waited around until Mike was finished negotiating a "package deal" with a Mexican guy and six of his kids. The Mexican dude was no fool and would not be hurried into buying something bogus either and as he took a few steps up to the regular ticket window and asked the regular ticket seller, "Are these tickets for tonight's show?" (the regular ticket seller looked at the ducats and shrugged), I waved to man who will not get the TIME "Man of the Year" award and who will also probably never be invited to clean the Crockett Family's teeth.

Once inside the arena, Lano was a fever of activity. I do not know if he was on his own or on assignment for one of the other sheets, but he was all over the place. He would not sit still for an instant. One moment I was talking to him, or trying to tell him that I had just spoken with David Crockett, and that David said to say hello to Mike, and the next moment Lano was gone, leaving me to "baby sit" his large aluminum brief case he some how gets past the security guards at the gate. (Lord only knows what Lano's got in that case!) The next thing I know, Lano is telling me that Cactus Jack wants to talk to me. "He's read your sheet and he wants to meet you," says Lano. Now, I don't about other columnists or editors, but I've never exactly had Dave Meltzer call me over and say, "Hey, Jeff, Terry Funk here's read Sushi and he wants to meet you." So I meet one of my favorite wrestlers, thanks to the man who David Crockett would like to tar and feather, and we shoot the breeze until the marks start crowding us and Jack has to go to the back. Next I see Lano over in a corner. It's kind of dark, but it looks like he is talking to Crockett. Crockett is smiling and it looks like the two of them are talking and shaking their heads about the state of the Union. Two old chums.

I could go on about Mike Lano. He is not a "Saint", no matter what the aforementioned pro wrestler with the great new smile might suggest. Nor is Mike Lano a total "heel" either. He's imperfect, like you and me, pal. Here's his feelings about the recent Wade Keller matter.]

⑥ DRILLED, FILLED FEELINGS

Mike Lano, Alameda, CA

Gobble, gobble Wade. At least you said I was a nice guy. I can't tell you, nor does anyone want to read how badly I felt after reading the Turkey piece. I remember you asking me to become a Torch columnist, and how proud I felt earlier this year. You asked me to call the March Dome results back immediately after the show, and trying to read Dave's tiny notes, I called them in at my expense. I botched one of the tag results, and I'm human. I screwed up and I apologize.

Soon after I got back, I had to call you after many Torches went by without my column. At first you told me, "you were changing formats on the Mac, and didn't know what you'd be doing with several of us." When I noted everyone but me reappeared, I really felt hurt. I never could get a reason for being dropped, and at least now I see. Steve Beverly and I both are aware that due to a simple punctuation error(and Steve rarely makes any) the sentence regarding rumors of HIV at Titan got messed up. I felt bad enough, to tell Steve I'll take the full blame. He does not belong on the list. But at least we're in great company. My profession is very critical- we critique dental work by others at UOP Dental School where I teach- based on 1/100s of millimeters. I guess I'm just too thin-skinned to take broader criticism in underground wrestling. When I didn't know if I was still a columnist or not, my self-worth really dropped. I developed a defensive posturing whenever anyone criticized my stuff. It was LIMBO HELL. Some Torches who come in as patients were given my dental appointment cards- including Ron Solane and Marco Canales(who subscribe as Ron Marcus)- and the fact that they were my dental appointment cards was to make it OBVIOUS. I was really hurt. What I originally wrote was that Vince was having a tough first half of the year, including rampant rumors of AIDS at Titan. Not that there was AIDS at Titan- just that these insane rumors were flying around. The poorly written sentence was rewritten wrong, by no one's fault, and that was what this was about. And none of my appointment cards, with other's names on them would get you to budge and simply let me know what I did wrong.

Without calling Arena's Editor, you lumped in more abuse. But I will accept full responsibility for this. After K.C. O'Conner's letter, I just couldn't handle the knocks. During normal conversation with guys I speak to frequently- Yohe, Mullins and Evan Ginzberg; I simply asked them to write something to Arena in my defence. KC and I talked on the phone and worked it out, and I forgot about it till Ron wrote that I had asked for some defence. I thank everyone one of those guys for the great letters they wrote. These are guys who know I donate free dentistry to AIDS patients at PMC Hospital on Wednesdays and Saturdays. These are friends who know we lost a house in that Berkeley fire that destroyed over 2 billion dollars worth of homes. And I apologize to them.

Last winter when Jeff Steel said those things in Torch about Joe Pedicino, you both took some heat. You both handled it better than I would've- but besides possible slander-a human being's feelings were destroyed. Joe wasn't contacted by you, or even allowed to express his side which should've been written in that same issue. I don't know if any of the other award recipients feel half as bad as I do, but it's a terrible feeling. I was really excited about meeting you and giving you the Japan poster I brought you back last spring- and I have a hard time dealing with "if Lano said it, it can't be true;" and my current award. I truly felt like giving up wrestling and my passion for writing but I'm getting over it. I even laughed at it- it was pretty funny. And it was a great issue. The Torch is a great bulletin with many wonderful, loyal readers. I just hope you'll consider what you write might devastate others. I can't take back some of the things I've said that weren't business-related about Vince or Herd- but I want to apologize now. Everyone has feelings. And no one is perfect. The pen is more lethal than the sword.



FROM THE DUDES WITH SHIITE ATTITUDES

Bobby R. Yates, Charles Hunt, Darrell Dickens & Todd Stutts, Asheboro, N.C.

[Editor's note: Sometimes we take members of the wrestling underground with a grain of salt, when actually, among our legions, there are some whose heroics and deeds eclipse the most noble in the land. Case in point: the following true story concerning the real behind the scenes efforts that freed the final American hostages from their Middle Eastern captors. Those of us who love the flag and would not stoop to spit on a pile of camel cookies salute our little brothers in arms who toil ceaselessly in the arid deserts of North Carolina to keep our nation free of people like the Iron Sheik!]

DUDES WITH SHIITE ATTITUDES CAUSE RELEASE OF HOSTAGES!

It is, of course, well known that useless talk costs lives, so I won't bother you with any. Yes, I was walking the streets of Bombay, when I suddenly got an urgent call from Ayatollah Kareem Abdul concerning our nasty counter-parts, the Muslim Shiites. It seems ~~they~~ came up with a most horrible torture for the hostages. The torture was to show video tapes of Dusty's spot growing, (which is bad enough!) but at a very fast speed, continuing indefinitely until the hostage had very little intelligence left, memory loss (of everything other than Dusty Rhodes), and extreme "Kalfacinfadha": the will to book wrestling matches with lots of blood, screw-job endings, and promotion-ruining angles.

Together with my other Shiite Dudes, Kareem, Singh, Paul A. Abdull, and Kahmir, we rushed to the underground offices of the Muslim Shiites, to raid their place. We were about to be taken apart by the guards but Singh pulled out his 32"x64" poster of Medusa Micelli from the 11/19 CLASH and, while the guards were making use of their Kummaquicka (Vaseline), we made off to the main office and tied the chief-man to his chair and made him watch the clips of the "House That Dusty Built" over and over and over until he finally gave in and allowed an Englishman and the last two American hostages loose.

The next day, back in the USA, we enjoyed a fine dinner with our good friend (and honorary Shiite) Jushin "Thunder" Liger-san. We were at the Pizza Hut in Asheboro and at the end of the meal, Jushin thanked us, and remarked, "This not Shakey's Pizza, but it not bad with a touch of Karo syrup."

--From the files of Darrell "Infidel Irata Khomeni" Dickens, Asheboro, NC



HARRY'S BARBS & GRILLS

Harry White, St. Louis, MO

Some of the more pleasant moments in life are unexpected windfalls that come your way out of the blue. Such as...your Wrestling Observer Newsletter Annual shows up a month ahead of time. You put on a pair of pants you have not worn for months and you find money in them. You are walking through a flea market and just happen to notice some guy selling the first issue of Batman Comics for fifty cents. You go to your high school reunion and the prom queen whispers in your ear all the things she wanted and still wants to do with you.

Well, recently I had one of those pleasant, unexpected moments when I went to pick up some old programs and was handed the Missouri State Title Belt!

I would like to say, "What a rush!" but that phrase is probably trademarked by Titan Sports. This belt is not just another state belt like Idaho or Montana state belt but something which has an unbelievable history. The roll call is a virtual who's who as former holders include:

Harely Race, Johnny Valentine, Terry Funk, Gene Kiniski, Bob Backlund, Jack Brisco, Ric Flair, Dory Funk, Dick Slater, David Von Erich, Ken Patera, Kerry Von Erich, Crusher Blackwell, Dick the Bruiser, and Ted DeBiase.

The Missouri State Title Belt is not all that exciting to look at and it could be made out of old Stag Beer cans for all I know, but the history of it is heavy stuff.

This is really exciting! This is so exciting that I am looking for a hooker that I can spank with it!

I also wish our long lost friend Ferk was still around. She is probably bored with being tied up with neckties but I'll bet she would not mind being strapped down with the Missouri Belt! I can not wait until after the next matches and back at the hotel. Wilt Chamberlain and Magic Johnson may have met a lot of girls with their championship rings...but they have never had the Missouri State Title Belt around their waist.

It's good to be back.

I want to thank all members of the family Mullins for their support of me and our family in the last 3 months. My mother has breast cancer and is in the process of getting it wiped out. It's been hell on earth, but we're (and she's) going to be OK.

The Rising Son has discovered a supposedly retired promoter is actually running the WWF - the Whiff to us. You thought Junior was running things?? Welllll....

February 7, 1989. January 21, 1992. What do those two dates have in common? Both times a promotion's top heavyweight prize was/will be up for grabs in a battle royal. Which leads me to the conclusion that....yes, Verne Gagne is booking the WWF! What a way to run a railroad. A world champion determined by a battle royal? That's something the AWA would do.

After seeing my first Whiff-a-thon on PPV, and being rewarded with the second worst wrestling card of all time (sorry, Pizza Man, nothing tops Baltimore last July), it's my profound hope in life that the Fed goes the way of Mr. Gag-me. POWW and GLOW were both better than this. I won't say anything about Gorilla Monsoon, the Ed Whalen of America and the failure to capitalize on Ric Flair's presence that anyone else hasn't said. Are you *sure* Jim Herd wasn't co-booking this extravaganza in reverse?

But Hulkamania has long outlived its welcome and its usefulness. It's time for this steroid-logged, no-talent jughead to pack his bags and get out while the gettin's good. I've been a wrestling fan for nearly 20 years and I've never seen as rotten and as disgraceful an alleged world title match as I saw on Thanksgiving Eve in Detroit. Terry Bollea's actions from January 15, 1991 on have proven that he is deserving of one hell of a lot more than Wade Keller's *Torched Turkey of 1991*. The words I want to use aren't printable, even in *Sushi*, and that's saying something. Maybe I'll tell him in a letter. I'll send it Federal Express. He likes getting those kinds of packages.

There...I feel great now. Next time, my picks, in brief, of '91's best & worst. Until then, second star to the right, and straight on 'till morning.

RingWords
 Stephen Meyerson, Brooklyn, NY

11/26/91—I'm dating the column so it can be read in the context of when it was written. Other columnists should consider doing the same.

Two of my adult students were arguing over a seat when one said, "Who the fuck do you think you is?" The other responded, "Who the fuck do you think you is?" I interrupted by saying, "The correct way to say it is, 'Who the fuck do you think you are?' Whatever you say, be grammatically correct." My "classroom line of the year" diffused the situation, put me over with the class, and got the lesson back on track. This approach is OK for some adult classes, but Jeff, I wouldn't try it at the junior high school level.

WRESTLING FORUM: I still haven't received the 10/15, 10/30 and 11/15 issues of this supposedly semimonthly sheet. Two letters and a phone message have gone unanswered. Longtime subscribers deserve better from Jon and the Masked Editors, who call themselves Ted and Bill.

If someone thought a Van Hammer match was **** and a Flair match was -** and sent those grades to the Observer, would Meltzer print them? Or does he only print grades which approximate his own opinions?

BUMPER STICKER: Courtesy My Ass...Dis Is New Yawk

Spanning the globe from Atlanta to Dallas, it's Joe Pedicino's Global Wrestling Federation. Joe Bay Bee Joe Bay Bee Joe!

POEM: Hypocrisy, bureaucracy...It ain't no meritocracy...Size is in...Don't be thin...St. Vincent's aristocracy.

POEM: Arena Report, Pseudosport...Japanese workers we'd like to import...It isn't Vantastic...The merchandise is plastic...A business which aims to distort.

Do I qualify for the SUSHI ALIVE POETS SOCIOPATHY?

YOU KNOW YOU'RE HARD CORE IF: 51) You've heard conflicting rumors about the future of Sushi. 52) You would travel hundreds of miles to see Flair and wouldn't cross the street to see Sid. 53) You've heard Bruce Springsteen's gentle song about Goodheart's promotion called "Gory Days." 54) The Louisiana Governor's race proves to you that heel vs. heel sells. 55) You have an 8th generation tape of the Louisiana independent show featuring the new David Duke in a business suit and after cosmetic surgery vs. the old David Duke in a hooded white robe with a swastika and holding a torch. 56) You know that I didn't Steele the idea from Mississippi Jeff when I wrote about politics in a wrestling newsletter. 57) Thinking of Brian Tramel in a singles match reminds you of the lyrics, "Express yourself...It's one on one." 58) You know which row in which section is most irritating to WCW. 59) You know the only way WCW attendance could drop is if the hardcores became nomores. 60) You place your Wrestlemania bets with Bowdren the Bookie. 61) You paid \$60 for a SuperTicket at a recent New York wrestling fans' convention.

The following should be sung like Neil Young's "Hey Hey My My."

Hey Hey My My...McMahon is promising pie in the sky...Do you remember Dusty...being spiked in the eye...Do you ask yourself Why Why?

My My Hey Hey...A thing of the past, NWA...Dusty left for Titan...Now he's back to stay...Have you ever wanted Jim Herded away?

Brody is gone...but he's not forgotten...This isn't the story of Axel Rotten...The fans are gone...They'll never be back...When you're deep in the red and out of the black.

PSSSST!

THE WORLD'S MOST VICIOUS PRO WRESTLING RUMOR COLUMN
By Howard ("I Only Report What I Overhear!") Bloch, Fairfax, VA

9

I spoke this afternoon with my friend the wrestling mavin whose sources inside the industry are impeccable. He informed me that the days of Jim Herd's rule at the WCW are coming to an end.

Ted Turner, concerned about the performance of his stewards, plans to clean house and install new managers. The head hancho will be someone who is very close to Ted Turner and whose instincts he trusts. Are you ready for this? It will be Jane Fonda.

Jane, it is reported, has made plans to convert the WCW into a politically correct federation. Racism and sexism will be eliminated immediately as will mocking of handicapped, retarded or gay people. Violence will no longer be permitted inside or outside the ring although exceptions are expected to be made in cases where the violence is perpetrated by members of an oppressed group against straight white males. In addition, the WCW will eschew quotas but will guarantee that various groups, with the notable exception of white males, will gain victories at least according to their proportions in the general population.

Roddy Piper, who is very sympathetic to Jane's philosophies, plans to be the first WWF star to jump to the WCW after Jane and her minions take charge. Others are expected to follow.

This is certainly big news. Whether it is good news or not remains to be seen, but when it appears in some other tabloid, remember you read it first in Pro Wrestling Sushi.



*** LETTERS PAGE FOR RING WORMS & RHUBARB BABES ***

Without your letters and other contributions, Sushi is just another fish. Deadline for #40 is 1/30.

WCW'S TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the twelfth day of Xmas, Jim Herd gave to me:

Twelve ref bumps
eleven in attendance
ten forgotten angles
nine no-shows
eight commentators
seven screw job endings
six wasted Clash's
five PPV's
four former horsemen
three Desperados

(10)

two Ding-dongs
and a kick in the behind.

By Paul A. Abdul, Ayatollah Kareem Abdul, Shiek Abdul Kahmir, Infidel
Irata Khomeni, Shiek Abdullah Hafaz Assad Ichibon
Asheboro, N.C.

RJH: How the South ever lost the war between the states with fine young whipper snappers like you fighting it, is still beyond my comprehension. If the South shall ever rise again, it will be because of Southern born, Southern bred young fellas like yourselves. Arrreeebaaaa!

Badd News "Tag Team?"

Is there any truth to the rumor that Jim Herd is thinking of combining Johnnie B. Badd and P.N. News in a new tag-team known as "The Urologists"... a.k.a. "P.N. Badd"?

Jay Weissman
West Orange, NJ

A MOTHER'S THANKS

I want to personally thank Pro Wrestling Sushi for not criticizing my son for his lack of wrestling skills. He is a good boy and he has worked very hard to get where he is in WCW. His low I.Q. is my fault (Yes! It's true what they say about blondes!) and his petulant, sneering lips are his father's fault. Again, yes. I had unprotected sex with Elvis back in the 60's after one of his Vegas shows.

Vanessa Van Hammer
Beverly Hills, CA

MORE WORDS OF WIT FROM THE DUDES OF SHIITE

What's the little sniveling Jubie Jay's problem? He doesn't know who to cheer at a Hogan-Flair match? If Jubie Jay doesn't stop his whining and grow up and start acting like a regular decent American boy, I'll just have to get my cousin, Jaka Cama Loff, to transfer to Lucrita Mott Elementary School and straighten Jubie out and make him see the light in Shitte fashion!

Bobby R. Yates
Asheboro, N.C.

RJH: Is it just me, or does anyone else get the feeling that if you were to drive your car into Asheboro, N.C., it would be like winding up inside a page from one of those "Where's Waldo?" books?

LENIS SARGENT PERFORMS GEEK ACT ON PET FISH

[Editor's note: We've often wondered what happens to some of our readers who subscribe for a few issues and then fade into the sunset. Was it something we said or wrote that triggers in these people a wish for greener pastures? Or does Sushi affect people in strange and vicarious ways and they go on to bigger and better things? We've always wondered what happened to former Sushi subscriber Lenis Sargent. And now we know, thanks to Lenis' good friend, Tony Duncan.]

Well, yes it is true that Lenis bladed his goldfish!
It was back in '89, in a loser leaves the tank match against my fish Rip "The Profile" Guppy. Lenis' goldfish, "Fishidozan", went on to victory then. After the mandatory 90 days, we returned to Gainesville, GA, for the big blow-off match. It was an epic battle of the two greatest aquatic grapplers in the biz. Rip Guppy went on to capture the fall that day, and Fishidozan was promptly eaten by the Ghost of Moon Dog Fish Mayne. Crowd estimates varied between 3 and 4, including Dr. Bernard Shwartz, who was the tankside physician.

Tony Duncan
Royston, GA

RJH: Tony, it was good to hear from you with your report about Lenis Sargent. Your grasp for detail and accuracy in reporting reminds me of some of the reports Sushi used to receive from a fellow named the "Masked Pimple." Tony, if you have any more information about Lenis Sargent, any further details about his wrestling related life or other grappling related adventures Lenis has had, I'm sure Sushi readers would like to hear from you again.

SEES BIG THINGS IN FUTURE FOR JAMISON

It's good to see the WWF giving Jack Tunney such a nice push lately! In fact, now that Jamison is a WWF regular, I feel it's only a matter of time til Tunney names Jamison his Chief of Staff! (And we thought Gorilla would replace Tunney!)

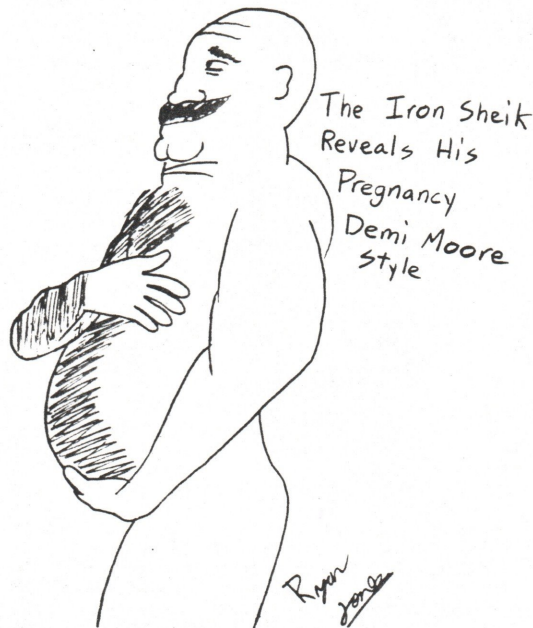
From a "friend" of M.L. Curly
Detroit, MI

RJH: Might be that the fella who just resigned a similar post in the Bush White House will give Jamison a run~for that Chief of Staff job!

SANTA WITH MUD FLAPS

Don't let Jubie Jay eat too much Xmas candy--we wouldn't want another "Jubdullah."

Mark Brown
Chatham, IL



STRONG FEELINGS ABOUT THE STATE OF WRESTLING

Greetings! Figured I'd write. [Editor's note: Due to the negative tone of this letter, the publisher of Pro Wrestling Sushi has requested that much of this letter be edited.]

Sorry for being so negative, but as Mike Terry (in Arena Report) would say, that's my two cents!

Greg Petrosino
Bel Air, MD

STRONG FEELINGS ABOUT THE STATE OF WRESTLING

After all my complaining about wrestling in my last letter, allow me to commend what I have seen lately, especially in WCW. [Editor's note: Due to the extremely positive--sort of erie, you know--tone of this letter, the publisher of Pro Wrestling Sushi has requested that much of this letter be edited.]

Sincerely,

Greg Petosino
Bel Air, MD

&ç%@!*%@! MANIA!

Battery acid spilled on my Godzilla T-shirt and now the shirt is holey, brother. Then, when I was putting it in the big hamper upstairs, it came to me, man: Godzilla, Santilli, God, Saint. Now that I'm immortal--like the Father, Son, and Hulky Ghost--I've only got one question: Whattcha gonna do when Blasphemania runs wild on you?

Ernie Saint Illi
Drexel Hill, PA

RJH: It's sure nice to see that winning Steve Genarelli's letter writing poll hasn't gone to Ernie's head. Speaking of Genarelli, what ever happened to him?

YO-HO-HO FROM THE YOHE-MAN

So, when is Sushi starting up again? I'm dying for something to read. I don't know if I'll be sending anymore of these Sushi-type letters to you. Nothing I write these days is funny. So, Jeff, just how much money did Lano give you for writing that letter to Arena Report? I'm going to Las Vegas to visit Mike Tenay with what I got. And he's going to clean my teeth, too. I get to sit in the chair next to Abdullah.

Steve Yohe
Alhambra, CA

RJH: Hey, Steve, if Lano leaves the room and his big, speechless, black dental assistant holds the tools like they are foreign objects and her tits look like mud flaps, you in a heap o' trouble, man!

(12)

ABBY SHINES; LIGER TWINKLES IN 'LETHAL' WCW DUD-FEST!

Who would have thought a 420-pound, 54-year-old wrestler (who can't "fly" and whose "workrate" will never win him the WRESTLER OF THE YEAR award in anyone's survey) would be the star act during a two-hour forty-five minute major PPV yawn-a-thon called STARRCADE'91: LETHAL LOTTERY/BATTLEBOWL?

On Sunday, December 29, at the Scope Arena in Norfolk, VA, 40 professional wrestlers and what looked like a full house on TV showed up for what might go down as the most boring PPV in 1991, if not the most boring in PPV history, with six--count 'em, six!--matches of the twelve qualifying as total, uncontestable "duds"! Not that there weren't some memorable moments. Aside from the ***** effort by Abdullah the Butcher, who stole the show every moment he was on camera (beating up Sgt. Buddy Lee Parker in the dressing room, beating him up again on the ramp with his Voo-doo kendo stick, beating up his "tag" partner Sting on the way to the ring and again during the match, and eventually brawling in the aisles against Cactus Jack and the entire WCW T-Shirt security force), about the only other interesting action was when Jushin "Thunder" Liger was in the ring. Whereas most of the time he looked like a lost tourist, gotta give the guy credit for trying to show his awesome stuff within the context of a very bad concept which, from the opening match through the 20-man double-ring "Battlebowl", worked against anyone having a great night and did nothing to delight, inspire, or advance the WCW cause.

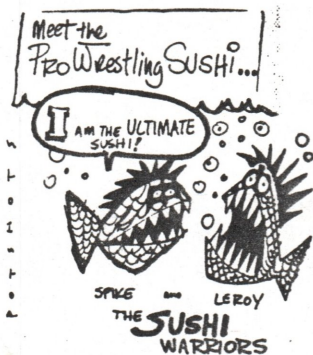
I mean, when a quarter-ton, over-the-hill ball of human fudge provides the only sensational moments for your highlight films, brudder, you've got troubles. And when the opening shot of 40 chunks of massive, human protoplasm (that group shot of all the wrestlers on the stage at the same time was inspired) and the closing fireworks are the best visuals of the night--the cameraman missed Liger's 360-degree flip out of the ring onto Mike Graham on the floor--well, it's time to perform a double-lobotomy on Jim Herd and Dusty Rhodes and set what's left of them adrift on pie tins along the tidewaters of the Chesapeake!

Going into the PPV (we were warned!) I lowered my expectations and, to be fair to WCW, asked ten questions which would guide the way I judged the event: 1) Will the PPV be a major-league bore at any point? 2) Will I become curious as to the pairings once the show begins? 3) Will any of the "unusual" pairings provide excitement? 4) Will I care who gets into the "Battlebowl"? 5) Will any angles or feuds be advanced in a significant way? 6) Will there be a few real surprises? 7) Will there be at least three moments that are outstanding? 8) Will I be impressed with how Paul E. and Missy are used? 9) Will the Marcus Alexander Bagwell "story-line" continue to unfold in a suspenseful or meaningful way? 10) Will the two-ring "Battlebowl" make any sense?

With the exception of questions #6 and #7 ("yes" due to Abby), the word "no" sounds like an Uzi going off in my head.

For the record (and for comparing Sushi's ratings with other sheets): 1) Garvin-Bagwell d. Hayes-Smothers (DUD); 2) Austin-Rude d. Hammer-Josh (*) due to Rude's effort; 3) Rhodes-Morton d. Zbyszko-El Gigante (DUD); 4) Kismaier-Liger d. Page-Graham (**) due to Liger's spinning-flying-flipping karate kicks (watching Kasmaier was like watching an X-ray of a bowel movement); 5) Luger-Anderson d. Taylor-Z-Man (DUD) not even AA could save this one; 6) Steamboat-Champion d. Jack-Parker (***) due to "Jushin" Steamboat's Liger-like effort, Cactus Jack's erie, heinous "scream", & Abby's run-in destruction of Parker; 7) Sting-Abby d. Pillman-Eaton (***½) due to Abby's gleeful assaults on Sting versus total waste of Brian & Bobby, & post-match run-in & brawl with Abby vs. Cactus Jack; 8) Vader-Hughes d. R. Steiner-Night Stalker (DUD); 9) S. Steiner-Chip d. Badd-Arachniman (*); 10) Simmons-Rich d. Armstrong-News (DUD); "Battlebowl": What do you get when you put 20 men inside two rings? (DUD-DUD!), and 12) Sting d. Luger. Sting looks more and more to be the franchise now. At the end of the match he should have just gone ahead and done the Hulk Hogan pose-downs as the cupped-hands-to-mouth "Whooo" is lame. (**) Tony Shevone, who looked like he was passing double-kidney stones all night, had the best quote after the Abby-Jack brawl: "Maybe next year they should have a mental test and not let psychotic people into the Battlebowl!" Who put the Mountie's cattle prod up Eric Bischoff's ass? was something that crossed my mind due to Eric's over-selling his role with Missy and Lethal Lottery "Commish" Magnum T.A. (Pray for Sting to remain healthy, guys...) See ya all, Jan. 30th.

PRO WRESTLING SUSHI #39, JAN'92
P.O. BOX 36189
SAN JOSE, CA 95158



WHO SAT NEXT TO WHOM?

During the historic 10/25 Hogan-Flair match in Oakland, CA, I looked over my shoulder and spotted (L to R) Mike Lano, Dave Meltzer, Steve Sims, and Wade Keller sitting together.

While no one guessed perfectly, Rich Slopard of Washburn, N.D. came closest and wins the program of that card.

-- Jeff Mullins, Ed.

Final subscription!
Time to renew.